

23P28m34

on which occasion he behaved himself like a true  
+ good English nobleman!"

Later, at my age, he held command in the King's  
army, & on one of those occasions, when he was  
nearly sixty, he led the men of Lancashire to the battle  
in the campaign which ended in the battle of Flodden  
Field, (1513) —

"From Rabye to Pendle Hill

From Sizeron to Long Addingham,

And all that brazen coast would fall,

Then with the lusty Clifford came;

All Skipton hearded went with him,

With stupring story from Wharfedale,

And all that Hallon hills did cleare,

With Longstroth etc., & Linton Dale,

Whose milk yod yellow + fleshy breid

Well knownid, with sommaring bows upbent;

All such as Norton Fells had yed,

In Clifford's banner did allord." —

And if you want to know the names of the men  
who went out with Lord Clifford + the weapons  
they bore, there they are to be seen to this day in  
the Sacred Roll of Bolton Abbey.

The good Lord Clifford spent much of his time  
in restoring his ~~various~~ various castles which  
had been laid waste during the long civil Wars of  
the Roses.

In the Civil War of Charles the First, the castles  
of the Clifford, now again laid waste, <sup>(almost torn)</sup> + the house <sup>of</sup> Clifford  
were restored by a woman, Anne, Countess  
of Pembroke, whom we have already spoken,  
most notable lady who lived well after her people died  
in the poor road + studid with all diligence ~~and~~ <sup>about</sup> this.  
A pattern to all daughters go the great love she had  
to her father the 5<sup>th</sup> Lord Clifford, the Castle she restored in the ancient  
style of the Clifford, in the pleasant market town of Skipton.

Woldsdal

13 p 24 cm 34

The course of the Foss does not lie so far back among the western mountains as do those of the Aire &c  
Wharfe. It springs all in Great Whernside, the most eastern of the mountains, in a region wild & bleak as any in Yorkshire. Many wild places bring their "beck" to swell its waters; & wherever a Beck falls into the main stream, you come upon a farm, buildings, or a village of gentlemen's houses.

Not far away from its source, the river disappears, or nearly so, into a cavern called the Golden Rot; you may hear the water rushing along underground for nearly half a mile, then it comes out again, having carved a very long narrow cavern in the mountain limestone. ~~Red Rock~~  
~~but the hill does not lie far wrong~~

Pemberton as long as its fair sister rocks & below  
Paley Bridge it is a broad lowland stream. Within  
a broad tree-shaded valley is the most curious  
site of the Dudd Valley. The road gradually rises  
until it reaches a <sup>high</sup> ~~low~~ common about 1,000 feet above  
the woodland which is scattered groups of rocks  
of enormous size & varying odd shape, you can  
walk over them ~~as~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup> ~~over~~ <sup>over</sup>  
the odd ~~are they~~ <sup>are they</sup> ~~are they~~ <sup>are they</sup> ~~are they~~ <sup>are they</sup> ~~are they~~ <sup>are they</sup>  
mixing of them is a great joke - playfully  
Scattered on the nursery floor of the giants, perhaps.

There is the Agape! the Frog, the Lamb with  
Wings over, the Pulpit, the fast-swelling Tide; a plenty  
More to which names have been given on account  
of their likeness to some object. The Rocking-stone,  
for instance, is a curious, enormous rock ~~which~~<sup>which</sup> was  
~~at a small town~~, that you can make roll by standing  
upon them, so easily as you like to open. But this bed  
is

2Bp30cm834

large as they are, they rest upon a small, and even a  
narrow, point as the beam, which you could it  
almost upright on your hand of its own weight, without  
support. There are pillars, & shelves like Clefts;  
Needle a fine tall column with little projections like  
windmills at the great Cannon Rock where the hill,  
is pincered with numerous holes as if a man had  
hewed, shot, & driven his

You wonder of these are remains of the imagination,  
Giants who have left their open, stone temples,  
or more than in such high, bleak walls. But no,  
it is running water, frost & rain, have hewn  
out these uncouth shapes. The whole history  
is too long to tell, but this much we may  
say here. The rock of the moraine and stone grit,  
consists of many thin layers lying  
close together, one upon another, but some harder,  
& some softer than the rest. Now the rain has  
known how to work its way into the softer  
parts of the rock; there comes a frost; the water  
in the rocks freezes, & swells in freezing; then cracks  
free the rock just as you have seen a pitcher  
filled with water break in a hard frost. Simple  
as this explanation sounds, it accounts for  
the strange shapes of the Rinnihauv traps.

But the middle part which covered the  
moraine to be broken up in the first place  
is a long, stony, shelter, to a time when  
this part of England lay summertime under  
under a huge ice-cap, such as that which  
now covers the greater part of Greenland.

Nearly three centuries ago a discovery  
was made in Huddersfield which drew the world  
people in great numbers to what was then  
a wild corner, has abeaten. From the base  
of Harrogate sprang up the oldest, & still the

most fashionable inland watering-place of the north, whither people crowd every summer in search of health & pleasure. Here there are baths, & pump-room & promenade & pleasure-gardens, & parks, & all the attractions of a watering place in the season; & the salubrious air, which, probably, has the visitors as much good as the water doth. Hargate is celebrated.

The discovery which made Hargate was that of a Spa. (Mr. Spain). that is, a spring of water containing substances useful as physic in certain complaints.

When you remember that many substances used as medicine are - such as sulphur, warm salt, magnesia, iron - mineral substance, ~~but in that they are taken~~ <sup>written</sup> to the earth. The rain, as you know, penetrates far into the earth, finding existing cracks, sweeping away the rocks as it goes. In time, every underground crack & crevice becomes filled with water, & then these recesses are too full to hold any more. the water is forced out in springs.

The water of this spring has, occasionally, exceedingly unpleasant taste; for the underground stream which at last breaks out in a spring carries with it iron, or sulphur, or magnesia, or soda, & whatever substance it passes through. When the substance held in the water of a spring are medicinal, the spring is called a Spa. (after a watering-place in Germany), persons suffering from certain complaints, go to such springs to drink, or bathe in the water.

Aug 2d William Stimpson who had travelled in Germany

Saturday. Visited the first ~~spa~~ <sup>1593; 1632</sup> then the  
town ~~water~~ <sup>of the medicinal spring</sup> have been found in Karroge, <sup>1632</sup> containing  
more or less sulphur & iron. In one spot as  
many as seventeen springs lie close together, yet  
the waters of two are quite alike.

Many of the visitors to Karroge prefer a pleasant  
summer holiday, & have no ailments to be cured by  
the Spas.

On the opposite bank of the Didd, which is here a  
broad full river, rise the ruined towers of  
Hawesborough Castle which stood on a high  
cliff overlooking the river & a precipice from  
which you look far down on the winding Didd  
& the grey-green ash-trees which overhang the stream.

Okin to the

The early writer describes Hunsborough as a  
very great castle with 11 or 12 towers in Roswell,  
beside "one very faire tower without". The  
very fair tower can not keep three stories high  
notwithstanding the underground burrow. Sir Richard  
Bonnefond before he was carried to Portugal  
was confined before he was carried to Portugal.  
And here the young knight who murdered Thomas  
& Becket are said to have kept in hiding for

<sup>the smalldown</sup> Hunsborough is most prettily placed; indeed  
there is hardly a town in Yorkshire so beautiful  
for situation!

### Hunsleydale

Hunsleydale is the upper valley of the River Tees & is so  
named after the pretty village of Hunsley. It is  
not at all like ~~other~~ of the Dales we have hitherto  
been exposed. They are narrow, picturesque, by no means  
perfectly bright, it is true with the ~~very~~ green grass  
which belongs to mountain flora; their bays are  
clump offshoots & groups of the cold pinnacles.

So lovely as may that you think there is  
nothing more to be desired until you get into  
Hunsleydale, when you are filled with a mixture  
& pleasure & satisfaction.

Hunsley-dale ... a broad open valley, resembling  
as Surrey when with corn-field, flows in the sun,  
the foliage of the trees is thick & dark, casting  
black shadows on the grass which has lost  
~~its brightness~~ a little in the warm weather.  
This is a valley to make the heart glad & stand  
but you do not see greatly corn waving before  
your eyes?

L. S. bounded on north & south by the river, ending in fine stone cliffs & a great stand on the northern edge, slash across the broad valley - then they are again on the further side, the barren rocks, meeting the coarse yellow earth in the latter, fruit trees all the more precious by contrast.

The northern edge of the moraine which you took me no valley is full of pasture and spots. You need not make our way up to the head of a shoulder of Stream or ~~Lott's~~<sup>which is</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> in the certain region as we have already descended ~~out~~ - But it may begin to go down the slope from here - a few dilapidated towers often seen from the station, but better nothing when you are within it. It over looks a fine valley, bounded with trees - then a <sup>few</sup> reaches of the river, beautifully wooded. Now are green, too, Lott's Tree & Hardman's Tree. We have got into the region of yesternight green; or waterfall. In the bushes must needs get into the valley, & how can they do so but by a leap from the edge of the long cliff which ~~that it is~~ <sup>is</sup>?

You make your way through a wild dell in wide round scar which slopes inward that is, the base of the scar comes forward like a shed or roof from the tree Hardman's Tree invisible, some hundred feet, shooting far beyond the scar. The long ribbon water is graceful & beautiful by the thing that delights you in that you can with mouth no salt, get behind it, between the water & the crag, & watch the stream descending, sheep without any background.

There a few farms may be seen from Rollings a few miles lower down the valley. This is a great valley

13935.1m.34

a pictureque from some points of view, than I have  
No prey, blighted homesteads in a setting of trees,  
& against a background of mountains, & quiet  
well-to-do villages whose folks are busy with farm labor.

Ashrigg <sup>has made a reputation for beauty of late</sup> however, & <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>now</sup> a noted resort, <sup>that</sup> crowds the <sup>hill</sup> in so  
far as to fill no less than three houses, & a fort <sup>hill</sup> lodges  
however. The attraction is <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>now</sup> gold - the beauty  
scenery of this part of Wensleydale takes the  
exceedingly fine air which Ashrigg enjoys, <sup>but</sup>  
because it is planted on the edge of the moor.

The country is very wild - an open valley with  
hills & knolls, & scattered <sup>stripes</sup> of forest  
overlooked by Addleborough, the <sup>highest</sup> ~~highest~~ point in  
the Dale, & hemmed in by dark hills presency  
behind one another in gold after gold.

Now, every now & then, in <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ river or of  
the water which forms it you see come upon  
a most picturesque site. You see Mill Gill  
Yard, which is at the head of a lovely ravine, thickly  
wooded. The water comes down by several steps -  
a series of beautiful cascades, & on either  
side, the rock forms cañon-like niches, deepened  
in the ravine, greenest mosses & pretty purple  
with ferns. "He left the spot with reluctance  
but highly exhilarated" says Wordsworth, the  
Dear Lover of Nature in all his beautiful aspects.

Ripsgarth is the beauty of Wensleydale.  
"Ripsgarth is lovely!" you say to yourself as you  
step out of the station, & again as you look  
up & down from the bridge, & as you climb  
the slope which leads to the village a mile  
distant. & whenever you look, wheresoever you turn,  
you say under your breath, Ripsgarth is lovely.

Then you leave the station, you find yourself  
half-way in the slope of a hill. Hither covered with

brushwood. Above, is a long stretch of bar moorland, below, a richly wooded valley; for the station itself is built on a fragment of the old Wensleydale Street, & never had station a more picturesque site. You are within sound of the low murmur of the water, & the river is below, now & then, a gleaming stretch shines out from the thick band of trees; & on the other side, the crocketed pinnacles of the church tower rise from amid trees - beautiful verdure everywhere.

You go down hill to the bridge & look up the valley. The broad river flows between high wooded banks, winding this way & that, you may see a dozen yards or so of smooth flowing, deep-looking water, but not more. A boulders-stones bed, bubbling fountains, rippling cascades, very beautious various form that running water can take. This is Swarayre. Here is a wooded island, here, shallow pools, where the whole breadth of the river comes sparkling dancing down two or three broad steps in its rocky bed.

Above is the High Tree, a ~~dead~~ fall from twenty feet, broken into two or three by the projecting rocks; there is another, & another, above, & below the bridge, perhaps half a dozen lesser cascades begin you reach the lower falls - August Tree's proper.

It is very beautiful; a single fall about 20 feet stretching across the whole breadth of the channel, & falling by five deep steps forming opposite a smooth, beautiful, arched shower of